

THIEF OF THE DUCHESS.

MOST REMARKABLE CRIME OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Adam Worth, Who Stole Gainsborough's Famous Portrait, is Dead After Nearly Half a Century of Criminal Life—He Has Never Donned a Convict's Garb.

The theft of Gainsborough's portrait of Georgiana, fifth duchess of Devonshire, was, in many respects, the most remarkable crime committed in the 19th century, declares the New York Sun. Cut from its frame in the London art rooms of Agnew & Sons on the night of May 25, 1876, 20 days after the firm had paid the then amazing price of 10,100 guineas, not so much as a trace of it was discovered until it was turned over to its owner, 25 years after it was stolen, in a room in the Auditorium Hotel at Chicago. Whatever of mystery still shrouded the theft was cleared away when William Allan Pinkerton, the most famous of crime detectors west of the Alleghenies, announced in Chicago that Adam Worth, an American criminal who died in London 10 days ago, after a long residence in the British capital, was the thief. Pinkerton had known the fact for nearly 10 years.

Theft of the picture, however, sensational as it was, was not the most remarkable feature of the affair. In time, most notorious criminals are run down. The police usually learn something definite about the details of a great crime. But of this burglary nothing definite was really known, until the details were revealed on the recovery of the property. And only when death closed a criminal career and unsealed the lips of a detective, was the man's identity clearly established. It was hinted at often, but all hints were founded on guesses.

For nearly a decade, Adam Worth's secret was in the keeping of two men, and they kept it well. One was a detective and the other a gambler of international reputation, Patrick Francis Shedy. Ordinarily, it is taken for granted that a thief who will reveal his crime to one person is an amateur of low degree and one who will share his criminal secrets with two is regarded by the craft as a pariah. Worth was no pariah, and the memories of the police of two continents do not go back to the time when he was ever an amateur. The authorities seem to be agreed that, in his criminal specialties, Worth had neither superior nor equal, and when he died, he left none worthy of his mantle. For nearly half a century crime was his vocation, and the records fall to show that he ever wore a convict's garb. He passed from the ranks of the Union army at the close of the Civil War, bearing the scars of valorous service, to the ranks of criminals of New York, and he was soon, to use the expressive language of the gambler he trusted, a General among privates. He was a petty thief, a "porch climber," a bank burglar, a forger, the most successful layer down of counterfeit money of his time, a receiver of stolen goods and the advisory council, in his later years, to all the great criminals of Europe and America.

Worth confided in no one until satisfied that his plunder could not be disposed of through channels ordinarily open to thieves. Any attempt to "move" it, he found out, would lead to his almost certain capture. He had a white elephant on his hands. The general who finds himself hemmed in by a force greatly superior to his own will attempt an orderly retreat. This is just what Worth did. He couldn't himself realize on the picture, but through men who had no criminal records to keep under cover he might be able to return the canvas and get, at least, a liberal fee for storage for the twenty-five years he had kept the picture hidden.

He reckoned well. The portrait went back to its owners, the thief got his reward and had the satisfaction of dying with the world still in ignorance of his name. When Pinkerton kept faith with Worth, he made possible the return to the world of art of one of its greatest treasures. What justice lost, art gained, and a most wonderful story and again a most striking chapter from the book of human life were closed.

Seeing from Mountain Tops.

Standing on the highest mountain—say at a height of 26,068 feet, which is slightly over five miles above sea level—on a clear day a man can see to a distance of 200 miles. To see objects at a distance of 100 miles the observer must be standing at a height of 6667 feet above the level of the sea. The rule is that the distance in miles at which an object on the earth's surface may be seen is equal to the square root of one and one half times the height of the observer in feet above the sea level, allowance being made for the effect of atmospheric refraction.

Pessimism.

"The chrysanthemum is said to be going out of fashion."

"Oh, well, what of it? Something just as expensive or maybe more so will be sure to take its place."—Chicago Record-Herald.

MUSTANGS DISAPPEARING.

The Last Great Hunt Perhaps Held—New Breed of Horses in Arizona.

While once the wild horses roamed in countless herds over the plains and among the foothills of the Rocky mountains they can be found in few localities now.

40 years ago they were scarcely considered worth the trouble of catching. Later thousands were shipped to the east, where they were known as Indian ponies and were sold at prices ranging from \$5 to \$30. About 10 years ago Col. Ed. Redmond held a great roundup of mustangs in eastern New Mexico and western Texas and gathered in more than 5000 horses. He cleared \$10,000 on his roundup, and tried the same thing several times afterward in Utah, Texas and Wyoming, but never with results so profitable.

In early days so vast were the ranges at the disposal of the cattle kings, that the grazing of the wild horses never materially interfered with the cattle. In the last quarter of a century the growth of the cattle business and the utilization of the public lands have done away with the immense ranges of the cattle king days, and the mustang has become a nuisance. He used the limited range feed at the expense of the cattle men until he grew to be considered an outlaw and a thief, and then he was shot by the cowboys whenever possible.

In many instances mustangs mixed with the ranch herds and eventually became cow horses, their stamina, speed and strength usually making up for deficiency in size. A few years ago a black stallion, the leader of a herd of wild horses in northern Arizona, was finally shot after repeatedly showing his heels to the best horses in the country. On his flank was the brand of the Bar L ranch, a large establishment, owned by the Perrin company.

It was learned then, that three years before when a half grown colt just from Kentucky, he had escaped from the barn and joined the wild herd. He recovered from his bullet wound, and for three years won races in Arizona, New Mexico and California, the combination of his good breeding and his early life with the wild herds giving him speed and stamina which sent him to the front. He beat the best horses on the frontier.

At Payson, in northeastern Arizona, where for generations the mountain-bred horses have raced, with ranches and cattle herds as side bets, Black Eagle met his Waterloo. A ringer from New Orleans beat the black stallion by a head, and on that race hinged the ownership of not less than 1500 steers and 10,000 sheep, with a couple of ranches and a fortune in cash. Black Eagle never won again. Apparently broken hearted he died in the stud, 10 years later, the originator of a line of stock in heavy demand in the east and in the British and German armies.—New York Sun.

An Age of Comforts.

Some people with elastic minds have stretched theirs into thinking that boots can be blacked on the community plan, and have recently organized a company for the purpose of making money by sending uniformed attendants to private houses to clean and polish shoes while the wearer dreams peacefully. The slumberer awakes, plunges into a tiled bath, and then sees his glowing image in his glistening boots already blacked. Truly this is an age of comforts. According to a circular at hand, polished shoes are "indispensable to well-groomed men and women." Through the lack of time or through the negligence of servants, shoes are not always properly cleaned at home; consequently many minutes are wasted in the boot black's chair, and time is money. The blacking boys of this traveling system are not paid cash, but are given coupons which are sold by the company in blocks of 10, 20, and 40—in brief, the customer becomes a commuter. Another advance to that happy time when one can contract with scientific specialists to treat the smallest household ailments.—New York Post.

Greek Husbands as Housekeepers.

In Greece it is the custom for the man of the house to go out early in the morning and not only to order the day's food but to send along with the boy who delivers it explicit orders how he wishes the various dishes prepared, writes Milton Marks, in Good Housekeeping. In this connection it should be remarked that any man of Greece can cook any Greek dish. The women are never seen at market, and often do not know how to cook as well as their husbands.

These people eat very lightly in the morning; usually coffee and a little fruit. At noon comes the first real meal, the breakfast. From noon until 4 o'clock they sleep. This is the mid-day siesta. To call upon a Greek at this time were quite as rude as to call upon an American at a corresponding hour in the morning. At 4 o'clock another light luncheon is eaten. The dinner, or hearty meal, is not eaten until late in the evening—sometimes as late as 9 or 10 o'clock.

One's own words are very sweet until one is forced to eat them.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

Preached a Short Time Before His Death.

Subject: The Splendors and Glories of Heavenly Life—A Glimpse of the King's Palace—An Impressive Half-Hour in Eternity.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In the following discourse, prepared by Dr. Talmage before his illness, a vivid glimpse of the splendors and glories of heavenly life is presented; text, Revelation viii, 1, "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the centre from which all good influences start; it is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charioted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll and the trumpets to sound and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their charges. The doxologies were hushed and processions halted. The hand of arrest was upon all the splendor. "Stop heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows or sweeping freights. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place I am certain. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

And, first of all, we learn that God and all heaven then honored silence. The longest and widest domain that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there had not been a sound. World making was a later day occupation. For unimaginable ages it was a mute universe. God was the only being, and as there was no one to speak to there was no utterance. But that silence has been broken up in to worlds, it has become a noisy universe. Worlds in upheaval, worlds in conflagration, worlds in revolution.

If geologists are right—and I believe they are—there has not been a moment of silence since this world began its travels, and the crashing and the splitting and the uproar and the hubbub are ever in progress. But when among the supernals a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Oftentimes when we are assailed and misrepresented the mightiest thing to say is to do nothing, and the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or political injustice. Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer is the patient silence.

The famous Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea, achieved as much by his silent patience as by his pen and tongue. He had asthma that for twenty-five years brought him out of his couch at 2 o'clock each morning.

In my text heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches where there are many to take part we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly enough to let one hundred and forty-four thousand get through each with his own story and then one hundred and forty-four million and then one hundred and forty-four billion and then one hundred and forty-four trillion?

Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we will know of Him after everlasting study of the deific. In my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes.

Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up, so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see, so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained, so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation.

How busy we will be kept in having pointed out to us the heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow fever and cholera doctors who died, not flying from their posts; the female nurses who raced pestilence in the lazaretto; the railroad engineers who stayed at their places in order to save the train, though they themselves perished. Hubert Goffin, the master miner, who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one jerk of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put in the bucket a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child, and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying, "Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost, but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery," and then giving the command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth who amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour? You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled.

Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of instruction, more of worship. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and, if we now have no time to spare, we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour!

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven is measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past and the millions of ages to come not one is especially measured off in the Bible. But the half hour of my text is made immortal.

The only part of eternity that was ever measured by the earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text. Oh, the half hour! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half hours? Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life in eternity.

The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate.

Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity. It was the half hour between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, the half hours between professional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher, the half hours between his duties as schoolmaster that made Salmon P. Chase Chief Justice, the half hours between shoe lasts that made Henry Wilson Vice-President of the United States, the half hours between canalboats that made James A. Garfield President.

The half hour a day for good books or bad books, the half hour a day for prayer or indolence, the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others, the half hour before you go to business and the half hour after you return from business—that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignorant, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell.

The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours. The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there, the half hour when I decided to become a preacher of the gospel, the half hour when I first realized that my son was dead, the half hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn, the half hour in which I entered Jerusalem, the half hour in which I stopped on Mount Calvary, the half hour in which I stood on Mars Hill and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life.

You may forget the name of the exact years or most of the important events of your existence, but those half hours, like the half hour of my text, will be immortal. I do not query what you will do with the twentieth century, I do not query what you will do with this year, but what will you do with the next half hour?

Upon that hinges your destiny, and during that some of you will receive the gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal.

Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence!

Then there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the eternal orchestra, and they feel like saying, as a good woman in Hudson, N. Y., said after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of heaven, "That must be a great heaven, but what will become of my poor head?" Yes, this half hour of my text is a still experience. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that Jesus?"

"Yes." Just under the hair along His forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted thorns, and His foot on the throne has on the round of His instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the right hand and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Why? He looks as if He had redeemed a world! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the house of many mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of heaven, Jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson or the Alabama or the Rhine or the Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and brightness, so wide, so deep. But you ask, 'Where are the asylums for the old?' I answer, 'The inhabitants are all young.' 'Where are the hospitals for the lame?' 'They are all agile.' 'Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?' 'They all see and hear.' 'Where are the almshouses for the poor?' 'They are all multimillionaires.' 'Where are the inebriate asylums?' 'Why, there are no saloons.' 'Where are the graveyards?' 'Why, they never die.'"

"Oh, let me go in and see them!" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those who would never consent to let you come out again. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to earth before this half hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half hour of silence is ended. The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now. I am now only showing you heaven at the dimmest half hour of all eternities. Come on! There is something in the celestial appearance which makes me think that the half hour of silence will soon be over. Yonder are the white horses being hitched to chariots, and yonder are seraphs fingering harps as if about to strike them into symphony, and yonder are conquerors taking down from the blue halls of heaven the trumpets of victory. Remember we are mortal yet and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour.

Hark! The clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike, and the half hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down till your work is done. Shoulders a little longer your burdens. Fight a little longer your battles. Weep a little longer your griefs. And then take heaven not in its dimmest half hour, but in its mightiest pomp, and, instead of taking it for thirty minutes, take it world without end. But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration before the throne in worship

of Him who made it possible for you to get there at all I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English Government in honor of great battles. These medals are pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army on great occasions, the royal family present and the royal bands playing—the Crimean medal, the medal of the mutiny, the Victoria cross, the Waterloo medal. In your first half hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as victor over the drafts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the temptations of the Stock Exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over domestic infelicities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over the storehouse, victor over home worries, victor over physical distresses, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries, saintly, angelic and divine, while all heaven chants, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

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NEWSY CLEANINGS.

There are 15,000 deer in the Yellowstone National Park.

A Yiddish theatre is likely to be built in London.

The price of coal has been reduced twenty-five cents a ton.

A combine of cheap candy factories in the West is contemplated.

The output of minerals in Japan amounted to \$24,677,446 in 1900.

Schreiber, the Elizabeth (N. J.) bank defaulter, was located in Honduras.

A war motor car on exhibition in London is called a "land battleship."

Boer commandants in the field agreed to assemble and discuss peace terms.

The automobile mail cart has "caught on" in France, and is gradually to oust the horse-driven vehicle.

Since the disastrous storm of September, 1900, Galveston has built or reconstructed 2644 buildings.

The German naval budget this year calls for about \$50,000,000, while Great Britain asks for about \$155,000,000.

Hebrew charitable organizations of Berlin, Germany, with a membership of 15,000 have been incorporated into a central body.

A verdict of \$5000 as indemnity for the loss of four ounces of brains has been recovered by a citizen of the Indian Territory.

A Tree Protection Society, the object of which is to exterminate the destructive elm-leaf beetle, has just been organized in Providence, R. I.

The census of the sexes in Canada shows that there are: Single males, 1,747,842; females, 1,563,450; married males, 929,915; females, 905,031.

The British court officials are finding it a difficult task to provide houses for the coronation guests. Two entire hotels have been rented. The King will give a dinner to 500,000 poor persons.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Sir Henry Irving has been on the stage nearly forty-six years.

M. Clemenceau has been elected Senator for the French Department of War.

Julius Lafeyre has recently painted a picture of Professor Agassiz, of Harvard.

Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy will not visit America, as reported in some quarters.

General Stewart L. Woodford, former Minister to Spain, and his family have left New York City for a tour of the world.

King Menelek of Abyssinia has appointed Ras Makonnen, the famous Abyssinian general, to attend King Edward's coronation.

Emperor Francis Joseph has given Massenet, the composer, the medal of arts and sciences, conferred upon only three other musicians.

The death is announced from St. Petersburg of Major-General Pewzoff, known for his explorations in Central Asia, Mongolia and Tibet.

Governor Ferguson, of Oklahoma, has just been photographed for the first time in twenty years. The Governor is not eccentric, but old-fashioned, and extremely modest.

M. Savorgnan de Brazza, the Italian explorer in the service of the French Government, is to be granted an annual pension of 10,000 francs—a reward for twenty years' service.

George Meredith, the novelist, is no longer able to take long walks in the country. With the tranquillity of a philosopher, he says: "Some men first give way in the head; I have given way in my legs."

Former Governor John P. Altgeld, of Illinois, left his wife penniless. Her home is heavily mortgaged, and there is not a dollar of assets. The friends of Mrs. Altgeld in Chicago are raising funds for her. It is the design to raise \$20,000.

IS BRIGADE SPONSOR.

Young Daughter of General Hill Gets Post of Honor at Dallas.

Miss Lucy Lee Hill, daughter of General A. P. Hill, received a telegram at Chicago Thursday, from Sterling Price Camp of Confederate veterans, telling her that General John B. Gordon had appointed her sponsor for the Virginia brigade of the Confederate reunion to be held at Dallas, April 22.